

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year
BY THE HERALD COMPANY

Terms of Subscription.
DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, \$5.00; three months, \$12.50; one year, \$36.00.
SUNDAY—One month, \$2.50.
SEMI-WEEKLY—(In advance), one year, \$10.00; six months, \$5.00.
Subscribers wishing change of paper changed must give former as well as present address.
All papers are continued until explicit order is received to discontinue. All arrearages must be paid in every case.

Total Copies of The Herald Printed in May, 1908.

1	8,559	18	8,573
2	8,559	19	8,573
3	8,559	20	8,573
4	8,559	21	8,573
5	8,559	22	8,573
6	8,559	23	8,573
7	8,559	24	8,573
8	8,559	25	8,573
9	8,559	26	8,573
10	8,559	27	8,573
11	8,559	28	8,573
12	8,559	29	8,573
13	8,559	30	8,573
14	8,559	31	8,573
15	8,559	32	8,573
Average on week days	8,666		
Average Sunday	17,661		

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Unsettled.

THE METALS.
Silver, 64 1/2c per ounce.
Copper (cathodes), 12 9-16c per pound.
Lead, 14 1/2c per 100 pounds.

CATCHING 'EM BOTH WAYS.

If consistency is a jewel, the Republican ticket named at Chicago is a whole casket full of gems. Taft, hailed as the chosen one on whom the Roosevelt mantle is to fall, the prophet of reform, the knight who is to tilt with the powers of evil and save the common people from the wicked trusts, has for his running mate the beau ideal trust candidate, Sherman of Utah, rich enough to meet even the extravagant notions of a Republican campaign committee. He owns franchises and banks and gear almost beyond computation; nor is this particularly to his discredit in itself.

Beyond wealth, however, Sherman is the possessor of a temperament that more than matches the exigencies of a strenuous campaign. He is conservative to the limit; he would conserve the proud pre-eminence in commerce and wealth which the trusts have thrust upon an unappreciative nation. All the traditions of the stand-pat tribe find their fullest fruition in Sherman, and to his notion no crime approaches in malevolence the wickedness of disturbing the pleasant conditions under which the monopolists favored by the tariff have annexed the surplus wealth of the nation, besides some that was not surplus.

Note the beauty of the arrangement: The downtrodden masses are to be won by Taft, the trust fighter, the enemy of monopoly, the paladin of individual liberty, the natural successor of T. Roosevelt, champion of all that is good and enemy of all that is evil. Holding aloft the banner of freedom, Taft will muster the proletariat and wage battle against predatory wealth and criminal corporations.

Meanwhile, Sherman, the friend of vested rights, the bosom friend of Aldrich and Cannon, will assure the corporations that none but the bad trusts need be afraid, and even the wicked ones need not have fits of fear if they contribute liberally to the great and glorious cause of the Republican party. He can say—and with truth—that no beneficiary of the tariff need be afraid of tariff reform if the Republican party is re-elected; and he can assure contributors to the campaign fund that the tariff commission will not feel compelled to punish donors by reducing the duty on articles in which the contributors are interested. Not by a jugful!

The gentleman who devised the original game to catch 'em both and win was a feeble-minded amateur compared with the astute manager who framed up the combination of Taft and Sherman. And yet some millions of voters will be distrustful enough to vote for a Democratic ticket in the belief that it carries with it no such double meaning as the Ohio-New York combination implies.

A SIMPLE SHELL GAME.

In their proposal for a bond issue the "Americans" set forth some statements that need explaining further. For instance, they say that \$30,000 is to be used to pay the balance on the big water main on Fifth South Street.

That main was completed months ago and is all paid for.

It is stated that \$50,000 is to be used for the intercepting sewer. That sewer was completed months ago and some \$50,000 has been paid for its completion.

Six thousand dollars is alleged to be necessary for the north bench sewer, recently completed on Main street in front of the temple block. This is paid for.

The council asks for \$125,000, with which to build new sewers when, as a matter of official record, \$35,000 will pay for all the sewers now planned by the city engineer and council, so that the council is asking for \$90,000 more than it plans to spend on this work. Doubtless some means of dissipating the \$90,000 surplus would be found if the bonds were voted, but do the citizens care to place a \$90,000 temptation in the path of Black and Martin and men of their type?

Why should the council ask for a bond issue with which to build a pumping plant and pipe line for the connection between the intercepting sewer and the gravity sewer when the contracts for this work have already been let and amount to only \$21,000?

Is that what is meant by \$125,000?

"new" sewers? And isn't it a raw buncos game for the representatives of the people in the council to spring on the people they are supposed to represent?

Why can't the "Americans" be honest about it, admit they are on the verge of financial rigor mortis, and candidly say they want this \$90,000 to save them from imperiling the city's credit in a hopeless effort to meet their obligations? Until they decide to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the condition of the treasury, they are not entitled to be trusted with a dollar of borrowed money, much less with \$90,000 of it.

FINE FINANCIERING.

When the council was debating its bond ordinance, Councilman Hall objected to making the interest rate 4 1/2 per cent because money can be had cheaper. He was voted down by the "Americans," who seemed to think it good business to make the interest charge excessive.

In the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, one of the best authorities on finance in this country, the following appears:

"The \$4,419,000 of Boston bonds sold at 106 1/4 are 4 per cent securities, and thus the city gets the money at a rate very considerably less than 4 per cent. This beats the terms at which New York city made its last large sale of bonds, and reflects the very easy state into which the money and capital market has drifted for borrowers possessing undoubted security. Less than a year ago such borrowers were finding it next to impossible to sell a 4 per cent bond at par. The bond market is showing great absorbing power for first-class issues, indicating that the floating supply of capital, whose exhaustion forced the panic and reaction, is rapidly becoming quite abundant again."

In other words, Boston was able to borrow money on the basis of 3.75 per cent, yet Salt Lake's council insists on paying 4 1/2 per cent, or about one-fifth more than is necessary. Surely the "Americans" would not have us believe that Salt Lake is not entitled to as good credit as Boston.

If the bond proposal carried, the city would be burdened with an annual charge of from \$3,000 to \$4,500 more than need be—which is about such financiering as could be expected from a Tom Black administration.

But then the bonds won't be approved, so there is not much occasion to worry about the interest rate.

MR. SHERMAN.

Representative Sherman of New York was nominated for the vice presidency because the delegates believed it was necessary to have a man from his state on the ticket. If the New York delegation had agreed on any other man, that man would have been nominated. It was not a question of ability or of popularity, but of geography, pure and simple. Mr. Sherman is neither a big man nor an able man. By reason of his long service in the house he has been advanced to a position on the committee on rules, which governs that body. The best that is fellow Republican can say of him is that he "stays put." In the local Republican organ we find this description:

"James, you know, is trusty Jim. All the boys in the house of representatives are for him because he is for all the boys. James is what you might call a safe and sane, easy driving, thoroughly housebroken statesman. He is not much on the initiative, but if you initiate for him, give him his orders, he will carry them out or break a trace. Jim is not a captain of the ship. He is the navigator. Tell him where to go and he will go there. He will ask no questions; he will brook no interference. Orders are orders to him. He will never anticipate; he will never suggest. But, if you 'give him the chart, he will sail to the point indicated by the cross in red ink, or he will go down in the attempt."

Now we submit that Mr. Sherman is not of the caliber of which presidents are made, and no man who is not fit to be president is fit to be vice president. As we pointed out a day or two ago, the vice president may at any time be called upon to assume the duties of the chief magistracy. He should be a big, strong, fearless man, one with initiative, one in whom the people of the country have confidence.

Mr. Sherman is classed as a radical stand-patter on the tariff. His nomination is a direct slap at the tariff revisionists. If he is elected he may be depended upon to use such influence as he may possess toward retaining the present exorbitant schedules, or even in increasing them. Discussing the vice presidential nomination a few days ago, and before Mr. Sherman was chosen, the Philadelphia North American, a staunchly Roosevelt-Taft paper, said: "Seriously, there is talk of Fairbanks, Cortelyou or the Cannon Man Friday, Sherman of New York. And the chief peril to Taft's success seems to us to lie in the possibility of the nomination of any such man as any one of these."

BASEBALL AND RACING.

The attendance on the so-called "big league" baseball games this season has been greater than ever before in the history of the national sport. It is no unusual occurrence for 20,000 people to witness a ball game in one of the large eastern cities on Saturday afternoon, and the Sunday attendance often exceeds those figures. The attendance on the races in New York state has dwindled to almost nothing, except when some well known classic event was to be run, since the passage of the anti-race track gambling bills.

Why is baseball so popular? It is in

no sense a gambling game. Men do not go to see a baseball contest for the purpose of winning the prize of a box at the theatre, a suit of clothes or an elaborate dinner with a party of friends. No betting sheds are found in baseball enclosures. There are no bookmakers with odds on the different teams posted up. And practically all of them forbid the sale of any drinks more harmful than soda water, root beer and similar "soft" beverages. Lovers of baseball do not turn out in order to drink or gamble. They go because they are really fond of the sport.

The marked diminution in the attendance at the race tracks in New York demonstrates one thing conclusively. People have not been going to see races for the fun they could get out of witnessing a field of magnificent horses straining every muscle to pass first under the wire. That was all a secondary, even an unimportant matter. The average racegoer cares no more about improving the breed of horses than he cares about the identity of the chief of any savage tribe in South Africa. He goes to the race track to bet his money in the hope of winning money from somebody else. That fact has been absolutely demonstrated.

The baseball "fan" goes because he likes to get out into the open air, to sit in grand stand or on bleachers for an hour or two and see efficient athletes contest for the mastery. There is no brutality about baseball, nothing that is debasing or demoralizing. And it is the most popular sport in the United States today, as for many years past. It will be popular long after public sentiment has closed every race track at which gambling is permitted.

A CONFUSED CONTEMPORARY.

Cummins' term of office—two years in Iowa—will expire next January. It would be a strange turn of the wheel which would bring Allison and Dolliver, in supplant role, to President Cummins of the senate, looking for places on their favorite committees. And yet it is among the probabilities, as a result of the convention's action—Butte News.

It would be a strange turn of the wheel, indeed, when we take into consideration the fact that the senate selects its own committees, and that his superfluous highness, as Ben Franklin proposed to call the vice president, has nothing to do with the matter. Anyhow, Cummins wasn't nominated, and Allison and Dolliver are thus doubly protected from eating humble pie. In the meantime it's up to the Butte News to read up.

HOW STARS ARE COUNTED.

Use Made of the Microscope and of Photographic Plates.

(London Mail.)
The gigantic but fascinating task which J. Franklin-Adams, F. R. A. S., has undertaken of counting the myriad stars in the heavens and assigning to each its proper magnitude is one which demands the quality of almost infinite patience.

Mr. Franklin-Adams has already covered photographic plates covering the whole of the southern hemisphere, and these, with the series dealing with the northern hemisphere, will number each 200. Each plate has on it fifteen inches square, records from 20,000 to 250,000 starry images, and on a rough calculation the total number of stars photographed will prove to be about 25,000,000.

The task of counting the stars on the plates has already been commenced, and that work, together with the cataloguing, will take another ten years. The method of counting the stars on the plates was explained yesterday by Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Franklin-Adams' chief assistant.

"First taking one of the plates," said Mr. Mitchell, "we move it across a graduated grating, contained in the field of a high power microscope. A horizontal strip in the grating is then examined and the stars in this small area are then counted from left to right. Of course, it is impossible to insure absolute accuracy, for there is the possibility of a star being counted twice or missed altogether."

"Then there is the difficulty presented by mechanical specks on the plates, which may at first be taken for stars; but Mr. Franklin-Adams has a method by means of which all stars above the tenth magnitude can be differentiated from dust specks. Mr. Franklin-Adams and his assistants check one another in the counting, but there is always a slight difference in the totals, due, of course, to the personal equation as represented by the operator."

"Merely to count the stars on an actual plate, apart from noting their photographic magnitude, occupies the time of two men for more than a fortnight if they work seven hours a day. In taking the plates Mr. Franklin-Adams used a triple achromatic telescope working at F4. In the northern hemisphere the minimum exposure was two hours and twenty minutes, and in the southern, with its clear atmosphere, two hours."

When Dave Hill uncorked his secretions of bile before going to Europe he said that Bryan had forced himself upon the Democratic party. Dave ought to know the impossibility of such a thing, having tried it and failed.

We wonder if Secretary Taft would join Mr. Bryan in a suggestion to the national chairman to publish lists of campaign contributions. Do you really believe he would?

We look toward the commercial travelers and wish them a safe return to their several homes. Come again some time, gentlemen, when you can stay longer.

Mme. Anna Gould is going to acquire a lot of useless junk in the way of names when she takes over her former husband's cousin, but the name and title are probably what she's after.

There are many reasons for believing that Mr. Taft will never enjoy Grover Cleveland's distinction as the only living ex-president.

It wasn't necessary to appoint committees to notify the fellows who got left.

The Roosevelt family is off for Oyster Bay for the summer. Cut the wires!

HIS GLIMPSE OF BROADWAY

The Lone Passenger on the Bob-Tailed Car.
(New York Post.)

When the bottled car of the Church and White street line of the Metropolitan Street Railway company turned eastward into Park place the other morning on its regular daily trip, a lone passenger rose from his seat and gazed eagerly over the backs of the horses toward Broadway.

He had the look of the far west about him. His broad-brimmed felt hat, blue flannel shirt and corduroy coat suggested the ranch of the mining camp. He might have posed for a "Rider" anywhere. He was so tall that he had to stoop at the entrance of the dusty front window, but the glimpse he got of the city's great thoroughfare caused his face to light up with eager anticipation. His lips moved and his tongue ran out in a "So that's the 'Great White Way' it is—the street I've heard the fellows tellin' about out in Oklahoma!"

The car stopped with a jolt. "Broadway!" bawled the conductor with a shrill voice. The passenger took an involuntary step forward and halted. Then he slid forward to the front of the car and sat by the window, staring out with dumb amazement at the scene that stretched thirty feet away. A look of agitated inquiry seemed to come over his face as he watched the driver unhitch his horses and lead them around to the other end of the car.

He rose, stepped out of the car, and strode to the rear door, which had now become the front. The horses were hitched, the driver gathered up his reins, and the conductor rang the bell.

The passenger hurried back to the conductor and began to talk with him, gestulating wildly and pointing back toward Broadway. The conductor shook his head vigorously. The passenger took a step back and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. As he sat down again in the middle of the car it seemed as though a wistful, almost despairing, expression settled over his features. He leaned to look back at the street, but he had not reached, as one who had looked from afar upon a promised land, and knew that his joys were not for him.

Half way back to Church street the car came to a stop in front of a big truck, a syndicate snooker, who had observed the passenger's apparent disappointment, made his way to the street and asked the conductor:

"Where is your passenger going?" "Why didn't he get out at Broadway?" "Him?" exclaimed the conductor with a grin, motioning with his thumb toward the man in the car. "He ain't no passenger. 'He's jess one of the yard men takin' a mornin' ride."

CLAIMS TWINSHIP WITH TEDDY.

(Cleveland Leader.)
While President Roosevelt's dark eye holding an open air reception at Syracuse a tall negro pushed his way forward through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand.

"Yo' n' me was bo'n on de same day, Mistah Roosevelt," the darky enthusiastically said, his shining face almost cleft from ear to ear by a grin.

"Delighted, indeed, to hear it!" warmly responded the president, taking a fresh grip on the black hand and laughing heartily. "So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!"

"Yo' am fo'ty-seven years old, suh?" the colored man asked.

"I am," was the quick answer. "An' yo' war bo'n on Octobah 17, 1858?"

"Yes." "Yo'as suh," then exclaimed the negro, shaking all over with rapture; "yo'as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me am bofe twins!"

By the death of his mother the Rev. Dr. David Gregg, president of the Western Theological seminary in Allegheny City, formerly pastor of churches in Manhattan and Brooklyn, has come into property valued at nearly \$75,000.

The one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the port of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to international commerce is to be celebrated next year by a national exhibition of industrial, pastoral and art products from June 15 to Sept. 1.

The most remarkable clock weight in Maine is that of the Baptist church at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

POOR MONARCHS.

Not Even Emperor William Is Getting Enough Pay.
(London Mail.)

The German emperor, as king of Prussia, wants to have his salary raised. At present he receives from the state, £120,000 as German emperor, and £770,554 as king of Prussia. The last increase, which amounted to £150,000, was made in 1880, in the second year of his reign. In spite of this, however, he is actually getting £250,000 less than the old kings of Prussia annually received.

An income exceeding £900,000 is not a despicable sum, even for Kaiser Wilhelm, but those who know that it is not excessive, considering that there are no allowances to other members of the royal family, and that very little comes from the royal domains.

The Kaiser has several hundred uniforms, and his tailor's bill runs into pretty tall figures. He has complete uniforms of all the Prussian regiments—horse, foot and artillery—besides the regiments of the lesser states, and those of his old Prussian rank in foreign countries. Every appointment is perfect, from the shoulder knots, which cost more than the uniform itself, to jeweled accoutrements fit for an Oriental sultan.

When he travels it is always in much pomp and ceremony and accompanied by a large retinue. Hence his official revenue is not enough to keep him. In addition to the up-keep of the fifty-two estates of his empire, he has innumerable farms and forests, he is expected to maintain the royal theatres at Berlin, Hanover and Cassel, and must also foot the bills for the royal court.

The Kaiser is very lucky, however, in the way of legacies from wealthy subjects. Only a few years ago Herr Wilhelm Hildebrand left him an estate worth £75,000, and in 1890, in his will, he left him a large estate of 1,500 acres, which he gave him a 5,000-acre estate as an earnest of greater possessions to come at the donor's death. Then there was the £100,000 bequeathed him by Baroness Oppenheim-Cohn, and the £500,000 placed at his disposal by Herr Henckels von Donnersmarch in 1905. "To him that hath shall be given."

With reference to the Kaiser's demand for increased pay it may be mentioned that King Edward gets £470,000 for his own use, while each member of the British royal family receives various grants which exceed £100,000 per annum. Besides his official salary King Edward has a large private purse.

The Kaiser is by no means the best paid monarch in Europe. The emperor of Austria outdistances him with his salary of £540,000, which sum is derived from two portions of his monarchy.

The best paid monarch in Europe is the czar of Russia. The state treasury pays out £1,500,000 per annum for his salary, and he receives £450,000 a year, while the heir to the throne receives annually, in addition to maintenance of palaces, £100,000. Daughters receive a dowry of £100,000 when they marry.

Contrasted with these generous grants the salaries of rulers of smaller countries seem beggary in proportion. The king of Italy has £240,000 a year, but the king of Greece only receives £40,000. This sum is so inadequate that he keeps up his position by Great Britain, France and Russia each pay him £4,000 a year. The French president has a salary and allowance of £48,000, while the president of the United States receives only \$25,000.

And yet, with all their enormous incomes, some of these great potentates of the earth are not half so happy as many a country curate with £60 a year.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

(London Globe.)
The bee can outfly the pigeon. The mole will starve to death in a day.

Fish hooks have been made on precisely the same design for 3,000 years. The oldest Roman Catholic college in the United States is Germantown college, Georgetown, D. C.

Hasheesh, which in its effects is much the same as opium, is prepared from the gum taken from hemp.

Australia's largest cattle herd is that running on the Victoria river station, northern territory, 320 miles south of Port Darwin. It numbers 60,000 head.

By the death of his mother the Rev. Dr. David Gregg, president of the Western Theological seminary in Allegheny City, formerly pastor of churches in Manhattan and Brooklyn, has come into property valued at nearly \$75,000.

The one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the port of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to international commerce is to be celebrated next year by a national exhibition of industrial, pastoral and art products from June 15 to Sept. 1.

The most remarkable clock weight in Maine is that of the Baptist church at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

Mrs. Howard Gould of New York and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yue, wife of a San Francisco Chinaman, were bequeathed \$1 each by the will of their father, Solomon Perry Clemmons. His \$6,000 estate is left to his widow during her lifetime.

Dr. Francis Brown, director of the American School of Oriental Study at Jerusalem, was elected president of the theological seminary Tuesday at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

DOLLAR BILLS FOR 95 CENTS.

(Little Rock Gazette.)
One-dollar bills marked down to 95 cents was the bargain a Main street clothier advertised in his show window last week. One hundred bills of the denomination offered for sale were

travagant about in show windows, and 400 more were piled up near by. The manager of the store placed them there bright and early and then prepared for the great influx of bargain hunters. He decided to place a limit on the amount that one person might buy, so that no one would be tempted to buy the market and take them all.

Strange to say, however, the market was dull. Passersby whose attention was attracted by the display of bank notes either hurried on after person might buy, so that no one would be tempted to buy the market and take them all.

As a result at the end of the day the clothier had sold only two of the bills. In disgust he gave up the attempt to gain a little advertising by such extravagant means, concluding, perhaps, that the people were not looking for such bona fide bargains, but preferred rather to go to his competitors and buy dollar shirts marked "1.50 shirts today for \$1.25."

NEVER SAW THE JOKE.

(New York Tribune.)
W. E. D. Stokes, the New York capitalist, was laughing at a dinner over the way he had teased certain naturalists.

"Now that they know I teased them," said Mr. Stokes, "they are vexed and disappointed. Eh? Disgusted with themselves, don't you think? Like the Yonkers woman."

"A Yonkers woman upbraided her husband because, notwithstanding a New Year's resolution to drop the club, he put on his hat one night and said he would not return until late."

"So the woman went on, but her husband shrugged his shoulders sulkily and trudged out of the room."

"She resolved to sleep up for him. She sat by the radiator with a book until 2 o'clock in the morning. It was dull, chilly work. The book was stupid, and the fire burned low. At last she gave in and went drowsily upstairs to bed."

"There, snoring like a hurricane, her husband lay. 'So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!'"

"The woman, as she looked at him, was like the naturalist, rather disgusted, eh?"

THE WISE SCOT.

(New York Tribune.)
Here's another tale of the canny Scot: For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond."